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ST LAWRENCE

SYMPHONY

BY

Mary E. Williams

AN INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATION

P. R. MACMILLAN CAMBRIDGE

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ST. LAWRENCE SYMPHONY

Born of the Mighty Lakes,
With joy your spirit wakes;
In virgin youth you rise,
A mirror for the skies.

Loitering mid the Thousand Isles,
Pastoral beauty on you smiles;
Roses, clover, new-mown hay
Perfume many a summer day.

Winter comes and all is dark
In your channel bed; and stark,
Steely ice forms prison bands
Till the sun gives new commands.

Love and life and laughter thrive
On banks where man and nature strive
That there shall never be a dearth
Of sustenance about the hearth.

In the arms of earth and air,
To the sun you offer prayer;
And though today he borrow,
He will repay tomorrow.

River of toil and sighs and dreams!
River of songs and prayers and gleams!
Proudly two nations call you 'Mine',
Firmly two ancient peoples twine —
The Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul
That many glad years you've held in thrall —
Building a state, progressive, magnificent
Like to your broad swelling flow, beneficent
Even as your fruitful benignant valley

Where the forces of nature rally
To aid your children. No longer they wrestle
With virgin forests, but cottages nestle
Beneath sheltering trees, near lucious fields
Where fertile soil an abundance yields,
By day the buildings a friendly white gleam.
By night the windows like beckoning stars beam,
Speeding vessels weighted with your renown
On many errands, up and down.

From your depths tree-clad islands at random rise
To greet the traveller's glad surprise.
High on the bridge at times he may gaze
On the far distant blue or purple haze
Over low mountain ranges against the horizon.
The morning sun's rays the Appalachians bedizen
On golden rose dawns, but the Laurentians are left
By a blaze of glory and splendour, bereft.

Bend after bend discloses to view
Streams greater and smaller, hurrying to you.
Far beyond the skyline's changing mist
From brimming lakes or mountains cloudkist,
Mid grace or grandeur they have found their source
And ever since have furrowed a course.

Many lined-villages dot your banks.
Majestically in each there rises from the ranks
A building of excellence, a sanctuary, a church
Where the toiler may worship, assiduously search
The heart and confess. Bells in the steeple
Joyfully chime a call to all people.
Tall spires piercing the ever-changing sky
Give hint of brighter worlds that lie
Beyond Man's ken. Again and again
The crucifix appears, as if to ingrain
The suffering of the Christ deeply on the heart
And with it the thought of the inevitable part
That each must share in bearing the cross
In life, which alone gives gain or loss.

On the choicest spots on your arduous quest,
Often where tributaries flow to your breast,
Cities and towns of character have grown.
Two of the many stand out in renown.
Montreal, Mount Royal, has a regal crown
Of three peaks that shine complacently down,
Radiating with the season, from summer's emerald green,
The opal of autumn, winter's crystal sheen,
To the purple quartz of the amethyst, in spring.
Here many races mingle, and three creeds cling
To their ancient tenets, a triangle which, perhaps,
When the years will have spun a longer lapse,
Will have lost the angles of dissention, and naught
But a circle of love remain. They are brought
In company now by the subtle golden bands
Of commerce and trade, and the insistent demands
Of a common need, great and small alike.

Thus while politics, race and dogma may strike
A discordant note, commerce rules supreme.
Many business channels of a continent stream
Through this island city of the open door
With its harbour a thousand miles or more
From the sea, where men look upward and imbue
Their toil with vision, and where dreams come true.

Near to Mount Royal other great wooded mounds
Appear at intervals upon your low level grounds,
Extinct volcanoes of an aeon ago
Which now with a quiet beauty glow.

Lower down the Sentinelle with the keys of the gate
Between the upper and lower rivers, rests in state.
Built high upon a cliff and low at its feet
She waits in her watch-tower all voyagers to greet.
Grandly Quebec, of light, beauty, grace,
And an old-world charm, still holds her ancient place.
Uniquely poised, she beams like a star
In the Zenith, effulgently, graciously afar
To all the horizon. What an epical story

Of her hardship, adventure, love and glory
In old and new days, you might intimately tell,
If you would, to the rhythmic music of your swell.

All days you have been your people's inspiration,
You have filled them with courage, faith and aspiration.
With bridges of strength and beauty they have spanned
Your banks. They have drawn from your waters and manned
Great factories and mills with power that has started
Vast wheels of industry. From the Gulf they have charted
Your channel with buoys. To ease the way
In the shoals and rapids where waters play
A swirling, foaming, uproarious game
With boulders and many-edged rocks that might maim
Or destroy any craft passing through, they have built
Great canals. With dredges they fight gathering silt
From the current and tide. In their pride and might
To the moon and stars they have added light.
They have formed a lane of beacons to the sea
For hundreds of miles that boats may be free
From harm — in the safety that light always makes —
As they swiftly pass to and from the Great Lakes.

If sometimes your people in might and conceit
Underrate your greatness, and in arrogance complete
Forget even the power of the Greatest Architect
Till a poignancy in life gives them cause to reflect,
They're not wholly to blame, for uncertain they stand,
The great unknowing quantity, how puny, how grand!
Struggling towards a complete affinity
Between nature and God — a wondrous trinity —
God, the Omniscient Builder and Life-Giver,
Earth-apprenticed man, obedient great river.

One day misty eyes discover
A gently insistent lover;
And imperceptibly
You're wedded to the sea.

Mighty, regal, Northern river
Sweeping onward all a-quiver,
Still you break and build and bear,
Your store of knowledge you never share.

Though you're old your strength is new,
Man is impotent with you,
Jealous, ruthless, you point the way
And woe to him who goes astray.

Would your people linger often
By your banks, their hearts would soften
To your charm, and soothed at length
Gather courage from your strength.

The tide ebbs in and out
In an ever-ceaseless bout;
The surface may seethe or loll,
But on, the mid-waters roll.

Do you sometimes think of a bygone day
When upon your banks in bright array
Stalwart red men loitered, or in swift canoe
Skimmed lightly your waters to war, to woo
Or on business bent? Did they rise to a stature
Worthy your might? Did the lure of nature
Enchant the mind? Were they happy in crafts
And story and song? Did they drink deep draughts
Of sorrow and joy? Did the still small voice
Whisper then as now? Did they make a stern choice
Of virtue, or maybe lapse into vice?
Or was good or ill but a throw of the dice?
Did the Father of All speak through winds and waves
And the vaulted heavens? Where the water laves
Your banks and those of your lesser streams
Did they ponder the mystery of life? In dreams
Do you see them again, noble and grand,
A part of yourself, in magnificence stand?

Come, pitch-dark night, leaden day
When fog and mist hold sway;
The shrouded vessels vie
With the grey gull's lonely cry.

Faraway mountains and hills draw near
In your widening lower stretches, and rear
Their lofty brows of green above
Full many a cradled bay or cove
Or storm-swept cliff. The maple, birch, ash
And poplar like glamorous opals flash
From the purples and greens of early spring
To the gorgeous colours that autumn can bring —
Unnameable tones by nature bred
From green, yellow, orange, brown and red —
Set midst the sombre tamarack, pine,
Spruce, fir and cedar. The sumachs shine
In crimson and rose, where they sturdily wedge
Between golden-brown alders near the edge
Of your sparkling water. Your banks, the essence
Of beauty in Spring, in Autumn's irridescence
Under the splendour of sunsets a-flame
With copper and gold, Divine Glory proclaim.
Man can only adore, and the heart nigh breaks
With the tragedy of this and all joy, that it takes
Its far flight so soon, and only memory stays
The sore distressed heart. But nights of such days
Are not black. Oft-times enchanting sights
Appear in the sky — the Northern Lights —
Entertaining in a weird fantastic dance
Of coloured lights and shadows. They prance
And stalk with elastic mystical gleams
Which at times will cover the sky with streams
Of light. Evanescing and fugitive, their ways
Are unpredictable. The moon adds luminous rays
And twinkling stars keep watch while ships
Pass by, till returning day lightly tips
The shadowy mountains with amber and rose.
At this early hour the fisherman goes

To see what the tide has brought to his weir.
Perhaps silver-blue herring and mackerel appear
Guilelessly swimming about in the maze,
Till with lowering tide and all in a daze,
They attempt to return to their deep-water haunts
But are forced to remain to supply men's wants.

Often dazzling rays will shimmer and dance
Across your waters to the fisherman's glance.
Far out the white-bellied porpoises play,
And nearer the cormorants dive for their prey.
Everywhere new-born radiance glows.
Here and there a silver waterfall flows
From turbulent mountain streams, and breaks —
As its way it boldly, boisterously makes —
At the foot of the cliff into crystal spray,
Then hurriedly runs the last lap of the way.

Maybe morning comes in a dull grey mood.
If so, it is only an interlude
In a minor key, in the year's marching song
Sometimes weakly wan, then triumphantly strong.
He who knows well and loves the dawn,
Truly knows faith, and never will fawn
Or cringe to life, be it good or ill,
For he knows what is may be patterned with skill.

Oh, river of changing surface and skies,
Each hour your lights and shadows surprise
The watcher, till winter seizes you fast
And changes your charm to a whiteness vast
With trimmings of silver, crystal and blue:
In the frost and snow you seem born anew.
Bright dancing stars in midnight-blue twinkling,
And the shining sickle, or the full moon wrinkling
Its face in the pulsing, dazzling shimmer
Of crystal radiance, grow paler and dimmer.
At times the carnival is all their own,
For you're hidden deep under ice, alone,
And there's no human soul to be entranced.

By day the glory of the sun is enhanced,
The evergreens are covered with a myriad of gems,
And bare silhouettes blaze from stalks to stems.
In the flanking deep woods, often axes swing
And like a percussion orchestra ring
To the echoing voices of laughter and song
As the woodsmen chop through the winter long.

But alas! Your winter has yet another mood
Pitilessly cruel, bitter and rude
To the improvident and helpless. The winds and snows
Drive terror to one who cannot parry their blows.
Penetrating east winds shriek and swirl,
Blinding snows swiftly eddy and whirl,
The driving sleet is so stinging and chill
That even the wolf's hungry howl is still.
Then may follow a silence searching, inscrutable,
Deep as death but not immutable.
In the calm of lone woods or snowy wastes,
The spirit, of awe and reverence, tastes.

There comes a day when your people weary
Of the frost, and find winter dull and dreary.
They yearn for spring and the passing of the ice.
Sun, wind, tide and current entice
It away to the sea. A live thing, it seems,
Hurrying home. Eddying it teems,
A rough ivory flow that no power can halt.
The floes turn summersaults, slide, hurtle, vault
And mass. Soon a splashing and crashing tremendous
Frees them — oft a spectacle awesome stupendous.
Then the world looking into your open face
Seems suddenly a happier, worthier place.

Too soon you pass to the lowest reaches
Where the lights are few on the lonely beaches,
And the fisherman, trawling far out in midstream
As if on the ocean, may not catch a gleam
Of either shore. So slight and elusive
The human element, it is never obtrusive

Twixt the soul and the o'erwhelming immensity.
Your powerful waters break with intensity
On age-old cliffs, then seethe and moan.
The dignity and grandeur of the scene atone
For the cold isolation. Still throbs the tide
In rhythm as in earliest days. Here abide
The surety and constancy of the Infinite. Each star
Still sings as it sang in that morning afar.
In the dawn of the world. The soul would pierce
Beyond the illimitable blue, in its fierce
And resolute search for God, day and night,
That some time it may bask in the Ultimate Light.

From the limiting confines of rugged shores
To the vast moving sea, your free spirit pours.

Out of the deeps you flow,
Into the deeps you go,
Oh, lone majestic soul
Pulsating with a mighty whole.

MONTREAL

THE CROSS ON MOUNT ROYAL

Above a throbbing city,
A cross a vigil keeps;
Whether tinted by rosy dawn-beams,
Or burnished by setting sun,
Whether sparkling in darkest midnight,
Or shimmering through the mists,
It beckons the way-faring thousands
And bids them 'Look up! Look up!'

Symbol of pain and death
It stands aglow on the height,
While down below in the city,
Urged by divine unrest,
Men grope for love and life;
Then finding these, there looms
A cross, and on the cross
A shadow grows, which naught
But sacrifice, the pure
White heat of love, can clear:
For sacrifice, self's death
Brings ultimate full life —
Eternal paradox.

G R E Y D A Y S

Beautiful grey days
When the white fleecy snow,
Like down from angel-wings,
Softly and reluctantly,
Comes fluttering to earth,
Resting tired eyes
From the sharp fitful shafts
Or the too long glare,
Bringing calm and peace
To soothe jaded souls!
Like a benediction
Come beautiful grey days.

OTTER LAKE

Winging night hawks
Glide, swoop and flutter
In the dying light.
The ancient wooded peaks
Put on a filmy cloak
Of blue-gray mist
Which envelopes all the visible
Within its encompassing folds.
White birches
Look over each other's shoulders
At the deep moving shadows
Below.
A lone deer picks its steps
Down the mountain path,
Amid mossy boulders,
To drink at the water's edge.

The last light
From beyond a break
In a great grey mound
Of rose-amber-tipped clouds
Burnishes a wavering path
Across the lake.
Little errant leaves
Sail about like fairy barques,
With cargoes of thistledown.
Boats float on a moulten mirror
Of livid jet.
The first silver stars of evening
Twinkle in the depths,
And the pale gold moon
Preened coquettishly
Where
Two hundred feet below
Speckled trout play.
The lake seems to cram
All the reflective

Of earth and sky
Into its breast
In a last goodnight embrace.

* * * * *

NOVEMBER SUNSETS

The essence of the beauty
Of November days
In the diverse land
Of the Laurentides,
Is found in the glow
Of the southing sun,
A blinding gold ball,
As it dazzles on the rim
Of the bluish grey mist
That veils the horizon.

When bright yellow plays
On the deep azure blue,
There sometimes appears
A rare emerald sea
In the far-off beyond.
Soon the glory of orange
Sets the scene ablaze,
Till crimson catches
The magical brush
And rouges the clouds.

Then comes a transcendent
Moment of grace,
When unique colour-blendings
Flood the sky:
It seems as if God
Bids His servant, the sun,
Paint a beautiful, cheering
Message of hope,
To warm weary hearts
At the year's eventide.

T R E E S A T R E S T

There's a time, from the falling
Of the autumn leaves
Till the flutter of the first
Fluffy flakes of fleecy snow
When the world, for the trees
So bereft, sadly grieves.
On the ground withered leaves
Weirdly rustle and blow.

Very few of the beauties
Of Autumn remain —
Scattered relics, white balls
On the waxberry hedge,
Crimson clusters the hawthorn
And dogwood retain,
Rushes standing erect
Amidst dull-golden sedge,

Varied seed-sacks, sumach spikes,
Ruddy fruit where the rose
Lately bloomed, scarlet berries
Adorning the rowan,
Orange splashes revealing
Where bitter-sweet grows,
And stray nests whence winged tenants
Have far away flown.

When the chill winter comes,
Often frost-sprites encrust
The silhouetted trees
With a crystal display;
Or a downy white powder
They lavishly dust
On the boughs, though sardonic
Winds blow it away.

Then the sun peering through
A thick lattice of limbs
May reveal wax-like blobs
Cradled close to the stems
By hundreds and thousands;
A new beauty trims
The shorn trees with bronzen
Or reddish-brown gems.

Winter trees need no pity
Though leafless and stark;
In peace they repose
When it's chilly and cold
For their trunks are well-wrapped
In grey blankets of bark,
And snug weather-proof jackets
The budlets enfold

Mother Nature with promise
Seals tightly each tree
And all they need do
Is slumber and wait
Till the sun in the spring
Bids the sap set them free
And soon they're again
With beauty a-freight.

THE LAST SNOW

Softly, mysteriously,
In the quiet night
Like the Holy Spirit,
Covering all
The unseemly and crude
With purity and loveliness,
Comes the last snow of winter.

Diffusing in the radiance
Of the morning sun
Goes the last snow of winter,
Permeating everywhere,
Refreshing deep roots,
Cleansing all dross
Like the Holy Spirit.

DOMINION DAY, 1939

O Canada, arise,
Take off on fresh new wings
And soar to the mountain tops of truth;
Too long with downcast eyes
In the stress of world events
You have lost the clear-cut vision of your youth.

Cast off indifference,
Inertia and suspense,
And know again Confederation's pride;
That from the grilling fires
Of the crucible of time
On shining wings your spirit, high may ride.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1939

'Lament, no more!
The hour had struck;
We kept our tryst
With destiny.

Again, today,
With gallant hearts
Youths, sallying forth
Scarce knowing why,

At duty's lead
And honour's call,
As squarely face
Their destiny. '

S E R V I C E

I have so many servants —
Wealthy am I,
From bygone days
And far-off lands
They dig and dip
And bring me riches —
Wisdom of priests and prophets,
Knowledge of science,
Invention and the arts.
And today,
All East and West,
Both Tropics and the Arctic zone,
Combine to serve me,
With their choicest gifts.
From dawn to dawn
They bring with cheer
My sustenance.
Were I alone,
No helpless infant
In a worse estate
Than that, would be.

'Tis mine to greet each servant
With a comrade's sign,
To pass things on to others
When my turn has come.
Nothing is mine to keep
But for a fleeting moment,
I live to give,
It is inevitable,
But what and how I give
Are somewhat mine to choose.
I cannot pass another by,
But virtue or ill,
Exceeding small or great,
Does pass between.
I, too, must serve,

So let me ever keep
'God bless you'
Written clear upon my forehead,
Thus to cheer
Another server
As he passes on his way.

TO THE MADONNA

Dear Mother of God's children on
the Earth,
The quiet beauty of your eyes
Does call and hold us, whether near
or far,
To duty's way and worthy tasks.

One shapely hand within the
Father's clasped,
The other reaching out to man,
You feel at once the pulse of
Heaven and Earth.
Kind, loving, understanding one!

Leading Earth's children through
a maze of doubt,
Perplexity and wrong, healing
Deep wounds, drying hot tears,
banishing fears,
You point them to a sunlit path.

You have a patience, like to God's,
to tend
And wait until the smouldering
embers
Gather close, and, bursting into
flame,
A white-winged soul speeds on its
way.

Weighing all things to find their
honest worth,
Never self-seeking, and yet wise
In choosing what to give and what
withhold,
You give, if there be need, your all.

Amid the noise of seeming fallen
Heaven
And Earth, serene you ride the
clouds,
Unscathed pass through the fires,
knowing nor time
Nor elements can you, destroy.

With keen delight in God's great
works and deeds
You keep the child-heart through
the years.
Your joy with others' joy entwined,
exultant,
Humble, happy just to live.

SONS OF ONE FATHER

Poor Humanity, tossed and torn,
Poor Humanity, weary and worn!
Return from your restless, wandering quest,
There is no deeper wisdom in east or west
Than that of the Golden Rule.

Up the years the message rings true:
‘Whosoever ye would that men do to you
Do ye also to them likewise,’ but self
With struggle and strife and greed of self
Has flouted the Golden Rule.

Mind ye not ye are brothers? Ye children of Earth,
Sons of one Father? Give the new day birth,
The day of love, when the strong for the weak,
And the weak with the strong, shall earnestly seek
To practise the Golden Rule.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY FOUR

You came well heralded, and camouflaged,
 Appearing guileless as a new born babe.
 Humanity, with eager questing eyes
 And out-stretched, welcoming hands, hailed your approach.
 You called 'come play a game with me, a game
 Of draughts, I'll move, you'll move, again, again,
 Upon the table of the great unknown.'

Then came mankind's deep elemental forces,
 Fed by thought-impulse from each human atom,
 Omnipotent in that each can create
 Both good and ill, and that, although they live
 And have their being in Him, unless each wills,
 The Great Producer plans the good in vain.

There came the Joy of Living, Faith in God
 And Nature, Love of Men, and Light of Knowledge,
 And on their heels, ugly and clamorous
 There followed Greed and Lust and Fear and Hate
 And Ignorance. Because the Evil is
 Less potent than the Good, it cried the louder.

Dark waters roared and broke on jagged rocks;
 Black shadows stalked beneath a far-off torch;
 Deep thunders rolled as lightning cut the gloom;
 And earth's foundations seemed to shake, while clangling,
 Tolling, tuneless bells kept up their din.

Year of uncertainty! when tragedy
 Walked stealthily on earth and air and water;
 When massacre, perpetuated in the morn
 Upon the innocent, by a misused toy
 Of speed and steel, by nightfall was forgotten;
 When the sorrow of downtrodden men and women,
 Victims caught in a world, soul-shrivelling
 And mercenary, cried aloud, 'How Long? '
 When the rays of the setting sun never passed below

Men's quarrels; when sore unrest, the labour-pains
Of growth, seethed in all nations of the earth;
When the hungry vultures of the battle field
Circled around searching for their prey;
And when the world demanded 'Shall nations have
Less Honour than a man? And how much less
Of them, than of the individual?
Does decency demand? Dare potentates
Of steel and their associates, playing
A bloody game with rights of men, once more
Of Europe make a charnel house? Or shall
The lightning multiplex power of Human Thought
Make impotent the subtlest, deadliest weapon?'

Oh Year of Dawning Hope! when History
With precious dower of ripe experience, wedded
The Light in Modern Thought; when beacon fires,
Whose leaping tongues caught each other, circled
The globe and patrolled north and south, flooding
The earth with knowledge; when press and radio
And cinema and waking commerce made
The peoples one; when intent listeners sensed
The pulse of a strongly stirring world-conscience;
And when the oft maligned and belittled
League of Nations, throttled but surviving
Prototype of a world parliament,
Visioned the day when a flashlight's glint shall be
An all-sufficient punishment for wrong,
And sanity, the perfect pulsing rhythm of mankind
Shall be the guiding law.

Robbed of your mystery and dazzling glamour,
We saw you go — revealed, old, quizzical,
And wise — clutching your gleanings in your hands.
We, palpitating human atoms, were
The fledglings. You gave us what was wrested from you.
But we lived life, and it seemed good to many.

MISCELLANEOUS

MARRIAGE . ODE

From out the rosy morning mist, there came
 A youth and maiden, hand in hand, — both, lithe
 And free — he, serious and grave — she, blithe
 And gay — each face aglow with love's bright flame.

Then as his head of glossy black he bent
 Towards her burnished nut-brown locks, said he
 Though in the world alone they twain might be.
 Each would suffice. To this she gave assent.

They, kneeling, built an altar — there to wed —
 From rare and precious jewels of the mind,
 And plighted all to each, two souls to bind.
 They chose, first, understanding from their store
 To form the threshold of a temple door,
 With love and honour arching overhead.

Prime workers and co-architects, they wrought
 With zeal and zest, through golden summer days
 Achieving symmetry and strength always.
 No task, however difficult, seemed aught.

As time sped by, there fluttered to the hearth
 Dear, tiny, winsome souls, its warmth to share;
 They brought the builders, in exchange for care,
 Rich offerings — great love, a faith immense,
 Undreamed resource, a boundless confidence,.
 The joy of sacrifice, a sense of worth.

The guardian angels at the door, kept out
 The false and coarse; a sanctuary bright,
 Called Home, the temple housed; from which the light
 Of humour ousted cynicism and doubt.

Though blasts of evil smote upon the wall,
Though floods and darkness closed out every gleam,
Though world-strain tugged at rafter, bar and beam,
Though ravages of time persistently
Attacked, — the structure stood pre-eminently.
Built of the spirit's wealth, naught could befall.

One sunset hour, the two prime builders wist
The temple was complete — unique, supreme —
Love, honour, understanding being its theme.
Hands caught, they passed into the golden mist.

T H E R E L I V E D A M A N

There lived a man.
Because he had strong faith,
High courage, joy in service,
And a sense of vision, —
Having known the privilege of pain
And handicap and sorrow,
And so drawn close to the Eternal, —
And because the people
Had great confidence in him,
And had sore need of help,
They called on him to lead them
In a darkening hour,
When fear shook all the nations
In an apprehensive world.

Then valiantly he helmed
The ship of state —
Humanity, his ensign —
And manned it well
With doughty deputies.
Slowly they veered the ship to rights,
Where once it badly listed;
No longer panic swept the decks;
Slowly courage rose again
And with it confidence.

He loved his country
But he loved his people more,
And recognized the spark of honor,
Howe'er dim, deep in each soul,
And would that every man keep stride
With progress and with freedom.
The enemies of his cause
Scornfully called him visionary,
And hurled abusive epithets
At his attempts and actions.
But still he served;
And, imperturbable.

Awaited once again
The mandate of the people.
They, like fleet-footed racers
With bit between the teeth,
Heeded not, this nor that injunction,
But choose their goal and leader.
They crowned him with the prize —
Renewed appreciation,
Trust and confidence —
He who had dared to think and act
In troublous and despairing times.
The man still lives.
God bless and keep the President!

(F. D. R. 1932)

THE EAGLE

U. S. A. AT WAR

The eagle soars aloft,
watching the restless moil
in his mobile eyrie.

Forgotten, the rocky crags;
far over the earth and sea,
he constantly wings.

In the quiet of lone perspective,
seeing or sensing all,
he leads the way home.

Alert to danger, and strong,
keen to the spirit's hazard,
he guards his people.

M Y R E P E R T O R Y

For you have I toiled.
That do I remember,
Nor can I e'er forget
Those moments oft of joy
And sometimes ecstasy
Through which we passed.
To you, the soul of all ages
Has contributed a part.
The joy and sorrow
Weal and woe
Of many human races;
The forces of nature
Mighty and minute,
Terrific and appeasing;
The giant intellects
Of centuries
Tempered by all the gamut
Of human emotions,
Swung by the rhythm
Of the universe, and tuned
To Infinite Omnipotence —
These have formed the channel
By which you've come to me.
Oh princely heritage!
You are mine own
Claimed and retained
By brain and brawn and blood.
Companions, hand in hand,
We go through life
Into eternity.

SECURITY

In this mobile and changeable world
Why does one look for security,
Yearning to grasp something tangible
Through long, golden years of futurity?

What does the eagle care
Nesting o'er steep rocky ledges,
For all the stark dangers surrounding
As mid tempest his brood he fledges?

Is it, that binding the mobile
Are the bands of immutable law,
And the core of each fluttering mortal
Is the changeless, the ageless — sans flaw?

NEUTRALITY

When the hurricane sweeps devastation,
And all obstacles slivers to shreds;
When the avalanche smothers its victims,
And hides them in low icy beds;
When from deep in the hell of its fury
The volcano unleashes its wrath;
When the flood with resistless momentum.
To doom carries all in its path;
When within the fast toils of destruction
And death, the helpless are caught;
Then the flickering will-o'-the-wisp
Of neutrality sputters to naught.

THOUGHT - WAVES

Will man ever fathom the ocean
Of mystical thought, as it lashes
And seethes and recedes with crashes
Tumultuous, and benignant flashes
Released by humanity.

Sometimes freedom of speech seems only
A shadow, and democracy naught
But a dream; yet freedom of thought
Lives, ne'er to be taken or bought,
Under each man's sovereignty.

Far greater than pen and sword
Is mobilized human thought.
The current of hate dies out,
And ill-forces are put to rout,
Meeting thought-waves in unity.

WHO DID SIN ?

Who did sin,
This man or his father?
Perhaps neither,
At least, not beyond redemption.
But this poor soul,
Caught in the net
Of the Sins of Society,
Struggling blindly
In degradation, shame and remorse,
Sees no hope of release.
What chance did he ever have?
Society stands,
Strata upon strata — •
The more cunning, knowledgeable and powerful,
The heedless, indifferent, unwitting,
Each building
Subtly devastating conditions —
Society stands,
Unaware of its tremendous power
To wreck and mutilate
Till another Tower of Babel falls,
And again Humanity flounders
In darkness, confusion and fright.

YOUTH IS ETERNAL

Would it were always summer,
Robins livening the lawn:
In emerald dappled sunshine
Till the golden day has gone,
Zephyrs rustling the poplars
Mid perfume of dew-sprinkled flowers,
Flickering fireflies flitting
In magical moon-flooded bowers.

Would youth might last forever,
Undimmed and joyous of eye,
That the song of faith ne'er might falter
To frustration's bitter cry,
That corrosive stinging acids
Might not blight the untried soul,
That life's handicaps and hurdles
Might not turn youth from the goal.

Cease repining, oh spirit!
After the cold and sleet,
After nature's deep slumber
Summer again you'll greet.
After the passing of time
And space and the shades nocturnal
Triumphant youth will return;
For youth, not age, is eternal.

THE ALCHEMIST

He took the hurt, the sneer,
The lie, and made of them,
With subtle alchemy
A magic, healing gem
Which radiated peace,
And gave him power to stem
The rising tide of hate,
And no man to condemn.

W A S T E

I looked on you and sighed
That you, from out the chalice
Of a virgin heart
Should, so much, waste and lavish
On one who could the gifts
So ill reciprocate.

And then I looked upon
A rosebush in the wilds
Where few save butterflies
And birds and maybe bees
Came by. I knew the rose
Was none the poorer that
It shed its life's sap out
In such grace and profusion,
And then I realized, —
Nor yet were you, but rather
Richer, that you had
In part, unstintingly
Fulfilled your destiny.

GOD, THE AUTHOR OF ALL

THE LOVE OF GOD

A time when troubled day
Seemed no less black than night,
I'd prayed till all the force
Of prayer was spent, then fall'n
To fitful restless sleep.
Through incoherent dreams
A shaft of light appeared.
It seemed an angel spoke.

'Dear heart, the love of God
Is not an abstract thing;
It neither ebbs nor floods
But constant is always,
Like unto truth itself
Or the revolving sun.
Dear heart, be comforted
By resting in His love.'

POOR SOULS!

Poor souls! Like badgers beating in a pen,
Or those whose reason's gone,
Madly awheeling up and down;
Or those who, lost at midnight in the wilds,
Ever return to the same spot from which they went.
Poor souls! Wasting the soul part,
Wandering up and down, and to and fro,
Like Satan, till they are forever spent,
And all that's left goes on to God.
Is there a spark at all of what He gave?

THE MASTER WEAVER

How frail and delicate is mortal man
With all his knowledge and experience,
So permeated with deep yearning
But of mysteries unending
How little comprehending!

Like to a shimmering gossamer web, wind-blown,
Sun-seared and rain-beswept, flung twixt two twigs
By an industrious spider,
To be ruthlessly torn asunder
By an unknown offender.

From off the span of life, the Master Weaver
Draws the broken shreds of phantom fabric;
Some precious lint he gathers,
As searchingly He lingers,
Carding with adept fingers.

CREATED IN HIS LIKENESS

If but one Godly man
There be, though some will this
Deny, there cannot be
A single Godless one.
Men may be wayward, blind,
Unlovely, selfish, mean,
Malicious, cruel, hard,
Unfruitful, cankered, parched
As if all life were fled,
Licentious, fearful, low,
Dishonest, foolish, weak,
Despairing, even mad
When hope seems gone for aye,
But neither under fair
Nor darkly wrathful skies
Can Godless men be found.
As leaves turn to the sun
So do souls turn to God,
Though many wander deep
Into the everglades
And lose the healing rays.
Flee into what morass
Or deep abyss they may,
Hurtle what doom they can
Upon the innocent,
Happen whatever will
They're still the Father's sons.
Created like to Him
Each shall retain, at least
A vestige of that likeness
As long as life shall last.

M Y T I M E B E L O N G S T O G O D

My time belongs to God;
In living, Him I laud.

From waking hour till dark
Unto His voice I hark.

In work or play, through ill
Or good, I seek His will.

D E A T H

T H E V A L L E Y O F T H E S H A D O W

Once, on a troubled day, I thought
I saw the Valley of the Shadow,
But looking closer, found
That light was all around,
And the valley only an illusion.
A threatening cloud hung high
Between the sun and I,
And with its passing, fled the shadow
From the sunlit plain.
Earth's partings, loss and pain
Seen through life's misty, murky lens
Produce the clouds and lowering shades
Which love and time disperse
In God's bright universe.

DOROTHY

A little human plant of rare and winsome sweetness,
That blossomed in our lives, and filled and warmed our
hearts

With golden glow and very precious fragrance —

Our Father, in His upper garden seeing a spot
For one small soul to flourish and expand, chose her,
But in the moving tore our very hearts.

And yet, through mists of loneliness and loss,
We see He's cut one cord that bound us fast to Earth,
Only to strengthen more our hold on Heaven.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD CHAIR-MENDER

'Take the chairs to the porch
 Where it's shady and cool,
 You will hear the birds sing
 And enjoy working there.'

'Thank you, Ma'am. Though the body
 Is old and needs care,
 Yet the mind likes a task
 To keep it in tune.'

As he worked oft he gazed
 On the bloom in the garden
 And beyond through the shrubs
 And the trees, as if feasting
 Dim eyes which were seeing
 Much more than the view —
 Boyhood days, English lanes
 And a long path since then.

In a mood reminiscent
 He talked as he tapped —
 Of a son, dead in youth,
 A wife many years gone,
 An employer revered
 In the South now residing,
 His own home just a room
 In an old lodging house.

A wise word, now and then,
 Of philosophy quaint —
 'A stitch in time will save nine' —
 From life's lessons he gave.
 Time had battered him well,
 But had left him serene
 In the expectant deep hum
 Of the first summer days.

The spirit soliloquised:
‘A good chance to leave.
I came such a day.
It seems long, long ago.
Time to part worn out heart,
Weary limbs, stubby pipe!
Now away shall I go
On my far outward flight.’

‘May I go? Can I leave?’
One last glimpse, one last tap
On the old oaken chair,
One last sigh broke the veil;
Like a mother close-watching
Her child newly sleeping,
With a long lingering look
The freed spirit stole through.

I HAVE LOVED LIFE

I have loved life so much
I would cling to it
If all others were gone.
Still to be alone
Would not be living.
Myriads, one by one,
Have given it up.
But no! Not, I!
Is there no way around?
As a child called from play,
I yearn to remain;
But it is inevitable
That I go. Ah!
I know a secret!
True, I must depart,
But I shall carry life
With me where I go.
I shall bring all the Here
That I have ever known —
The essence of life —
Into the Hereafter:
Then there will be
Something of Earth in Heaven,
And I shall be satisfied.

IMMORTALITY

Your blue eyes opened on the world, with awe, —
Miracles everywhere. With ardent mind
Well-steeped in Hebrew Writ, you probed each law
Of God and every throb of human kind.
Valiant and eager, cresting on the main,
In shoals you floundered, struggled, then arose,
Till moored by circumstance's iron chain
But faith unbound, you let your aged eyes close.
When facing bodily disintegration
Vibrant to life as once in youth's heyday,
Unthinkable in sheer futility
You passed. Dear chafing soul, winged liberation
And not death came that autumnal day.
You are my brief for Immortality.

EXPERIENCE

EQUATIONS

Equations great and equations small
Chequer the book of life of all.
Given this and that of unalterable quality
What is to be done with the unknown quantity?

Line follows line as day follows day,
And figures should move in rhythmic sway,
But the unknown quantities pass in and out
Leaving the mind in a maze of doubt.

We add and subtract and multiply
And often the book goes all awry,
We divide and cancel and pause to erase
The blots, and think out other ways.

Sometimes the figures flow smoothly along
And the mind is filled with a beautiful song,
Then an unknown quantity makes a rift in the lute
And the song becomes very suddenly mute.

Indelibly written on the rhythm of life
A symphony in figures, with emotion rife —
The timbre of each in the echo — is found
When the book falls closed without a sound.

A H ! N O T L O S T

Lost — in the abyss of the mind
A word, clothing a thought;
Lost — in the world's frenzied mart
An opportunity, diligently sought;
Lost — in the stress of events
A friend, with esteem well-fraught;
Ah! Not lost, but hidden in life,
And into its substance wrought.

M Y C R E E D

Not in a day,
Not only from the lispings
At a mother's knee,
Nor from the utterings
Of an inspired seer,
Nor from the wisdom culled
From human lore,
But as the oak tree draws
What it may need
From out the earth and air,
So do I draw my creed
From out the deep
Of life's pulsating core.

SONGS

Out of joy, out of tears,
Out of travail and strife
Songs are born to the soul
From its impact with life.

Oft they linger full long
For the wakening spark
That will give them escape
From the cavernous dark.

Then like carrier doves
They soar away, winging
To find kindred minds,
Genial homes for their singing.

THE MAGIC OF MEMORY

One gorgeous sunset of gold and rose
May colour a life until its close.

One strain superb on the throb of a song,
In the mind's deep cavern may echo long.

One rarefied day, complete and full,
May compensate many, grey and dull.

A golden love in the dawn of life
May hallow the soul through years of strife.

When the whiff of the rose steals on the morn,
Who ever heeds the hurt of the thorn?

Though happiness seems a will-o'-the-wisp,
Its caress may remain while the tongue can lisp.

STRUGGLE AND EASE

When the need is great and the
purpose clear,
On the highway of Struggle faith
vanquishes fear:
And when sinews and nerves to the
brain respond,
There is joy in the thought of the
goal beyond.

In the deepening ruts, as the back
bends low
Sometimes angels fan the feverish
brow
Or they whisper softly 'the left'
or 'the right'
When a fork in the road comes into
sight.

On the tortuous way wise travellers
sing,
And at fall of night all troubles
take wing,
Then the weary body to Morpheus
yields,
And the mind goes roaming Elysian
fields.

But the street called Ease is a zest-
less mall;
At the far end stands a high stone
wall;
Though it's level and smooth, most
feet conspire
To lag in the side-paths of Lost
Desire.

A W I N D O W , A T R E E , A N D
A B I T O F T H E S K Y .

From a window, a tree, and a bit of the sky
Where the fleecy clouds float, or the angry scud by,
Where the mists hang low, though the sun shines high,
One may much of the mood of the world descry.

Near a window, a tree, and a bit of the sky,
Many sights will come to the watchful eye;
Very happily one may working-tools ply,
And the busy brain use, as the days swiftly fly.
A window, a tree, and a bit of the sky
Form a cinema screen where one may espy
Very wonderful doings, which 'the blues' defy,
And a fund of delight and comfort supply.

It's a world in itself to one who must lie
Through a vista of years, alert to the cry
Of the night's black distress till dawn shuts the eye
On the window, the tree, and the bit of the sky.

THE LEAVES' REVIEW

The morning dawned
To see ten million, million leaves
All sparkling in white frost coats
And agog to flutter home
To Mother Earth.
Old Father Sun
Laved, purified and polished
Till he left them glistening
For their gala day.
Like children on a Christmas Eve,
They'd passed a night
Of fitful sleeping,
And on waking smiled,
Then sighed
Within their solitary bower,
For blithe companions
Of the season past,
The cheerful, chirping summer birds
Flown far away,
And happy children,
Now cooped up with eyes in books.
Oh! for ten thousand
Dancing little ones
To frolic underneath the trees,
To chase and seek
The brightest, choicest leaves
And weave fine wreathes
From every shade and tint
Of yellow, green and red,
Of purple, orange, brown,
And even grey!
Then joining hands
In merry circles,
Dance and sing
With autumn's joyous
Gay abandonment!
Oh! for a myriad

Summer birds
To flit from branch to branch
And feast on luscious berries,
Every hue,
And nutty seeds, —
A prodigal supply!

Around the native bluffs
And veteran river elms,
Kind master hands had well assembled
Plants, shrubs and trees,
Indigenous to the plains.
With wizard deftness,
They had planted spruce,
Grey willow, and dwarf maple saplings,
Visioning the days
When sombre green
With shadow grey
And flaming red
Would foil the golden yellow,
Bronze and russet,
Of the ash, oak, elm and poplar,
And create weird, wonderful
Harmonic color schemes,
To rival gorgeous autumn sunsets,
And beneath a lonely harvest moon
To make a gay
Fantastic rendezvous
For all the fairies 'round.
Nor had the symmetry
Been overlooked.
The plan had slowly grown.
Out came the misfit
Or decayed,
And in its place a worthier root.
They'd cleared out winding paths
For lovers,
Among the cherry,
Bittersweet and hazel bushes;
Then nearby,

Planted lilac clumps to cheer,
With snowy plum and saskatoon,
The late spring days;
And in the open,
Circled roses close,
To shield each other
From the winds, —
In July sun,
A nectar bed
For hummingbirds and bees.

And on this year
The elements had all combined
To help the leaves
To glorify their Source.
Brave little leaves,
Obediently and willingly
Giving their all
In this last hour together —
Like glowing embers on the hearth
Before the flame expires,
The last the brightest
Of the night —
Lovely in spring
But lovelier still
When autumn skies
Foretell the shades
Of darker days to come.
From stately, sentinel cottonwood
To humblest vine
Each felt its lifeblood
Ebbing slowly back
Close to its heart,
And little trembling leaves,
Alarmed yet happy,
Waved each other
Fond farewells.

Far overhead
Within the canopy of blue

A few stray clouds
Espied the sight,
Then called the upper winds
To quickly bring
Their sister clouds
From far and near,
Until, by noon,
The sun was overshadowed
By a rolling, tumbling,
Swirling, curling mass,
In seeming imitation
Of the forms below,
Shrouding the sky with grey
To dull the brilliant colors
Of the trees.

Above, behind the clouds,
The wily west wind,
Like a surgeon, waited,
Ready but loathe
To change the scene.
Perhaps that night he'd blow aside
The hanging clouds
And, sauntering through and down,
At first would breathe
Soft whisperings and caresses,
Then gently sway to loosen, some,
The clutch of tiny leaves
Upon the twigs;
Then maybe he'd grow stronger
Until, at last,
The readier leaves
Would start to flutter down,
And as the night's shades fell,
In savage glee
He'd rock the branches,
Bend the trees,
And slash the more unyielding
Hard and fast to earth.

Alas! Alas!
The brilliant gay review must end.
Throughout that autumn day
As stragglers came and went
They gazed and gasped
Until the beauty hurt —
Too much for eyes
That look too long on level drab —
And yet they stayed
To fill and feast the mind
On wonders, far exceeding
Words weak power to paint,
Yearning to share the sight
With all the world;
Then humbly, happily subdued
They left the scene,
Surpassing far
High fashions proud parade,
To carry in the mind,
For grey and wintry days,
A still, indelible,
Unfading picture,
So restful and appealing,
They a part of it,
And it to be always
A part of them.

THE PRAIRIE

THE BLUE ANEMONE
(CALLED CROCUS ON THE PRAIRIE)

While the chill winds have wailed their lament
And the frost king has probed with a lancet
The deep breast of still mother earth,
Under winter's white fleecy blanket
With your heart steeped in last summer's heat
And well-sealed by insulated bands,
Hidden down 'neath dead leaves in the loam
You have rested in nature's safe-hands.

Then attune to the pulse of the march
Of the season and the call of the breeze
Sweeping over the wide, open prairies
And the roadside spots that you lease
Year by year, you have stirred in your bed
Gently wooed by the nearing sun's rays
And have waked as the snow tricklets teased
In the light of the lengthening days.

Then stealthily, not to disturb
Your grey leaves just tardily peeping
Yet suddenly, overnight you bedeck
Yesteryear's tawny grass; for leaping
To greet the dawn, your whorl
Of a silver-furred bracted trinity
On a silver-furred stubby stem
Holds the loved blue anemone.

The delicate silk-lined petals
Of a blue that was caught from the sky
And mixed with a streak from a night-cloud
And a sun-glint of rose passing by
Form a chalice of exquisite beauty

So fleeting it never can cloy,
Fragile beauty that pains while it charms —
Unique herald of springtime joy.

THE PRAIRIE ROSE

A tiny shrub, with just enough of stem
And leaves to hold a nosegay fresh and sweet
Of roses, perfuming the morning air —

The blossoms palest pink to deepest rose,
With many tints and traceries between,
While July sun gives some a yellow tinge —

This little rose in early morning blown,
With dew-drops glistening on its petals fair,
Midst prairie jewels in a precious gem.

THE BLUET

Little bluet on the railway track,
How did you happen to root in such dearth?
Far away from all of your kind,
Like a star you shine from the arid earth.

Four tiny lobes of cerulean blue
Point towards the north, south, east and west;
A golden centre reflects the light
Of the long day's sun. You only rest

When the night-dews bathe your tingling frame,
And the magic of moonlight scatters all fret;
Seemingly, life does not give you much,
But you give your all to life, bluet.

THE PRAIRIE FOLK

The prairie folk love the sky,
Looking up 'neath its vast canopy,
 Whether clear azure blue,
Or a dull leaden hue,
Or when winds send the clouds scudding by.

With a questioning look in their eyes
The prairie folk read the skies;
 They learn faith and endurance,
Courage, trust and assurance,
And grow wise in all great verities.

The prairie folk never despair,
They are ready to do and to share;
 Though the skies frown today
And the land sorely flay,
Tomorrow will be doubly fair.

So they toil, and adverse winds defy
Looking up, ever up on high;
 In their hearts is the leaven
Which makes earth like heaven,
The prairie folk taught by the sky.

THE PRAIRIE DWELLERS' CREED

From many corners of the earth,
From many races under heaven,
Our fathers came in quest of life
And found a home.

Few ancient ruins tell a tale
Of stirring times and lives of men,
Nature's best gifts profusely dealt,
Our heritage.

To us the honor great is given
To build a nation in this land
Where once the Indian roamed the trail
And passed his day.

Our temple dome, the clear blue sky;
No plague shall blight, no curse corrupt,
Here shall we in God's image dwell
Safe and secure.

Live and let others live a life
Happy and sane, virile and deep,
With faith in man and trust in God,
A simple creed.

Shall we make strong and wise and great
The chain that links us to the past,
So that posterity superb
Will bless our name.

With youth eternal in the heart
And conscience clear as morning air,
In honor and in righteousness
Our day shall pass.

T H E S H O W M A N

He plays all day
On sea or land
In every kind of weather;
And be it wet
Or be it dry
He dances in the ether.

With everyone
He tries the game
Where shade and substance wed,
Yet darkness never
Catches him:
He's just one step ahead.

He makes men laugh,
He makes men weep,
And oft-times dream and ponder;
He bids men do
And spend themselves,
And fills their souls with wonder.

He weaves a curtain
As he goes,
And colours beam and rafter;
And when he makes
His parting bow,
He draws it closely after.

THE CHILDREN

THE WINDING WAY

Oh! little child on the winding way
Where the flowers grow and the love-light shines,
The wonder of all things is full on you now
When you come from God to the winding way.

Travel on joyously, boy or girl,
Out in the freedom and beauty of youth.
Hold out your hands for the great things of life
Which God will give on the winding way.

Soon you will come to the forks of the road.
There all alone you will tarry and wait,
Companions to meet and decisions to make
With God watching over the winding way.

Drink of the streams of life, crystal and pure,
Bask in the sunshine, and weather the storms,
Draw well from the years ere they pass out of reach:
Never fear, God is near to the winding way.

Then when the stress and the quakes and the flashes
Threaten the very foundations to shake.
Know that, though in air your footsteps are sure,
Because God is under the winding way.

As the eye grows dim, the road grows clear,
Though the foot be worn, the spirit is fleet.
And the soul expands with abounding life
When you go to God from the winding way.

A FAIRY MOTHER'S GIFT

What should I give to you, little child,
If I were a fairy mother?

A trust in God that would not fail
In any kind of weather,

A heart atune to all that is good
In this wonder-world called earth,

A task to do as the days pass by
That would take your best endeavor,

A sacrifice that would fit your soul
And show you the way to heaven,

And a song that would lighten and brighten the way
For all who hear its lilt.

THE MOTHER CAN PRAY

The little clothes all are mended,
The toys all laid away,
They slumber with wants attended,
The mother may rest and pray.

They are out on the world's rough highway,
They have builded them other nests,
'Dear Father, o'ershadow their pathways,'
The mother can pray as she rests.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WISH

There were two little girls and two little boys,
Eyes — hazel, blue, brown and grey.
Two grown women and two grown men
Have spirited them away.

Each has hidden a tot out of sight and sound
In the heart's remotest recess,
And, about, life has builded a fortress dense
Through which there is no access.

Could the dearest impossible wish come true,
It would be to see them as once they played,
To look into each little upturned face,
And to feel again each clinging embrace;
Now they dwell but as phantoms in memory's maze
Or in dreams that illusively fade.

HONOR

When from the earth you issue forth
And greet me once again in cycles now unknown,
Bring to me honor —

Not from successes on this sphere,
Wealth or position high above your fellows,
But before God,

From drawing deep, and giving much,
From looking all things squarely in the light,
Seeking but Truth —

Honor, the peace that comes to one,
Who wrestles long with self and man and nature,
Leaving few scars.

CHRISTMAS

WHAT IS THE USE OF
CHRISTMAS CARDS?

'What is the use of Christmas Cards?'
A busy housewife sighed one day,
'A hackneyed greeting, picture bright,
A flimsy thing to throw away.'

But luck decreed, as Christmas neared
That illness keep her in her bed;
From far and near, the cards flew in,
And joy and friendliness they spread.

She grieved from her no message winged
To carry cheer and kind regards;
And not again will she remark
'What is the use of Christmas Cards?'

CHRISTMAS

Time of hurry,
Also flurry,
Oft-times senseless worry;
Children wonder,
Parents ponder,
Miracles to conjure.

Time of singing,
Joy goes winging
Happy magic flinging;
Stars remember
Babe, bright Ember,
Gift in dark December.

God's love token,
Blest words spoken
To a world sore-broken;
Gracious giving,
Christ-like living,
Every ill forgiving.

Threads of sadness
Mix with gladness
Through the merry madness;
Thought of friends
Beauty lends
As the short day ends.

THERE SHINES A STAR

There shines a star whose radiance never wanes:
When angels sang of peace one silvery night
It rose above expedience and might,
And through the years ascendant still remains.

The cruel, subtle eyes of greed and hate
And lust, in focus elsewhere, cannot see
The glory of its light; but those that be
Of questing child-like faith, the star shall lead.

Once more all mankind bows before the Star
Whose name is Love. From out God's heart, afar
It draws its light, and from the zenith throws
Its beams to flood a world where stress is rife.
Each spark of human kindness that glows,
Lights many torches on the way of life.

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Williams, Mary Elizabeth
St. Lawrence symphony
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